

WHEN YOU WALK DOWN THE **SIDEWALK**

IN A LARGE CITY, NOBODY KNOWS *WHO YOU ARE*. YOU CAN BE **WHATEVER** AND **WHOEVER** YOU WANT WITHOUT ANYONE KNOWING. **MYSTERY** CAN BE SUCH AN AMAZING **TOOL**. YOUR IMAGINATION CAN WANDER FOR MILES ON END, *THINKING ABOUT THE* **WONDERS** OF THE **WORLD**. YOU WALK PAST A MAN WEARING A SUIT. YOU **WONDER WHAT HE** DOES FOR A LIVING, WHO HE IS, WHAT HE'S LIKE. DOES HE HAVE A FAMILY TO GO HOME TO? **IS HE MARRIED?** MAYBE HE'S NOT A BUSINESS MAN AND HE WAS COMING BACK FROM A FUNERAL, OR A SUIT WAS THE **ONLY CLEAN** THING IN HIS **WARDROBE**. HE **WALKS** BY YOU AND YOU'LL PROBABLY NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN. THIS MAKES YOU **WONDER** WHAT PEOPLE **MAY** THINK OF *YOU*. WHAT GOES ON THROUGH OTHERS HEADS. MATCHING THE **REALITY WITH MYSTERY**, WHAT IS REAL AND WHAT ISN'T. THERE ARE SO MANY PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD AND IT'S **AMAZING** TO THINK THAT THEY **ALL** HAVE SEPARATE LIVES TO GO TO **AND THINGS** TO DO. WHEN **I WALK** DOWN THE STREET I ALWAYS THINK WHAT THE PERSON DOES, OR WHO THEY ARE.